THE BAIRNSLA FOAKS' ANNUAL

TREDDLEHOYLE

1843

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PEACE

graand, aght ah pop't, pleazd enif; but if it heddant a been broad dayleet, ah suddant a nawn mesen, ah wor sich an a picktar. Bless yo, ah wor cuver'd ivvery bit ovver, throot head tut fooit, we sawr; if yod nobbat a seen me, yo'd a sed ah wor more like kennil-coil then a astronomer, yo wod, am suar; but, nivver mind, its noa joke for all that, for am twisted and skelard e all dereckshans, ten times war then ivver owd Paganiny wor. Hey, am just t'chap nah for turnin a corner, or runnin on a hill-side after a badger, or onny where else where theaze a bit a twist-wark wanted.

Nah, then, ah think av sed enif upa this topick; an't next consarn at al menshan, iz, theaze a Parlement-chap tryin to get a hackt ta *tack in all't waste land*. Nah, am reight pleaz'd abaght this, do yo naw, an ah hope il get it, for't sake a mesen; for theaze that Bill Bendweant, a sort of a three-quarter cuzan a mine, hez a garden ats az full a dokins, grunsil, an kexos, az ivver it can stick, an allas will be, for hee's ta idle ta pull am up. Nah, this al cum under't head a *waste-land* we a rattle, ah naw; an nowt but reight nawther, for am fair daan sham'd ta see it aght a door. But theaze anuther thing raither more pleasin, an that iz, if thay *tack in* all this *waste land*, it al be grand to get on too for safety; for when theaze a hearthquake cumin, it al not naw where to find it.

Nah av teld yo all theaze things, av nowt ta do but ta hope yor all weel, an al continue so, an hev a happy new year it bargain. Az for mesen, wha, am middlein, thenk yo, considerin wot av goan throo; an ah hope ah allas sal be; for, ta speik't truth, ah doant like ta be badly, nor nivver did e all me born days. Then, bless yo all, wal ah write to yo agean; an remember, ah still remain, an allas will do, wal theaze a bit a breath in ma, yor moast grateful, stronomical, an weather-larnt sarvent,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

Pogmoor Obsarvatory.

T'PREFACE TUT SECKAND EDISHAN.

Hurra! hurra good readers all, an thenk yo ivvery wun,
For pleaz'd am ah ta find that yo are fond a Bairnsla fun.....

...Hey, its like ah am; for, ta speik't truth, ah nivver drem't a cumin befoar yo sa sooin az this, noan ah marry. Am suar ah wor fair daan wunderstruck, an that's all abaght it, when t'infamashan cum at thear wanted a seckand edishan at Annual aght derecktly. But, mind yo, it wor nobbat just e nick-a-time, worrant t'letter, for ah sud a been off in abaght hauf a seckand ta spend me Chresamas wit Man it Mooin, ah sud hacktly; then it ad a hed ta been dun wethaght me sayin owt to yo, an that ad a been a pitty, becos yod a thowt, an varry nattarly soa too, at ah wor affruntad at summat; but az it iz, it macks all reight, an keeps wer friendship duv-tail'd az it owt ta do. Hey! ah wor az throng an az fearse az a hen we wun chicken, packin up a lot a poark pies an a gooise, ta tack wima for a presant like; an't gooise wod a been wun an all, for it ran up a Hickam Comwhen me gronmuther wor born, an that worrant yisterday, yo mind: wot made me pick this wor, becos ah thowt ah sud hev a bit a fun, for bless yo, it brestboan ad a made a grippin ploo; an am suar az sooin az ivver he put t'knife on to it ta cut a slice off, it ad saand for all't wurld like a blether baise, at lads goaze abaght we at Chresamas time, its sa toff an sa *stringy;* but yol happan hear tell, sumtime, hah wiv goan on. Anuther thing, doant yo be surpris'd if yo see a piece a missaltoa hingin throot centre at Mooin after av gettan thear; if it sud be soa, think on at all yo yung lads an lassas hez a fiddler, an get fair underneigth it, an donse wal yo shack all't berries off, or at yo caant see wun anuther for rosindust: ah dar say at sum a yo lasses al be reddy enuf to try an do this, becos its wot ah call *leap-year;* an wimmin, yo naw,

iz reckand ta be maister-pieces when it happans soa. But, ah mun be off nah tut Man it Mooin, if ah mean ta get thear be Chresamas, for av ta goa reight away raand bit saath-powl, throo a millian tuns a solid wind, five thaazand yards a claads, an three hundard miles a skye. This, yo mind, al be noa joke wit load at ah sal hev; noa, ah think not; an, if ime not mistain, ah sal want sum iceickles ta suck, or a drop a owd Nanny Sugden's small beer to sup, befoar ah get set cumfatably daan e thare hause. Bein in a hurry, yol excuse ma sayin onny moar, so good by, wishin yo at same time a merry Chresamas an a happy new year.

Yor's, Stronomecaly an respectfully,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

Pognoor Obsarvatory, Dec. sevanteent, 1843.

N.B. Stop...wal hav gottan me wind...well, hav just run back aboon hauf a mile apurpas ta say, at ah reckan yo thowt ah sud a sed summat this year abaght me goin intat French country; but ah cuddant, yo naw, becos this book wor printad homast befoar ah went; but if yol nobbat be quiat, an wait wal't stump end at year *forty-four*, yol hev a chonce a seein a bit ov a aght-line a me travils it land a stew-pans, rostad apples, an *vin ordinaire*. Oh!—but nivver mind if that last wurd hezant gien my low jaw a cranker.—T. T.

JENEWERY.

Here yo ar, like swarms a bees, on Britain's furtile soil;
Wha, bless the Queen, theaze ardly room for willin man ta toil;
Hed I a nawn sa menny foaks liv'd e this pairt at gloab,
I sud, ah think, been hauf inclin'd ta goan sum uther road.

1	M	New yer Day.—Reckaleckt, this day allas cums
2	Tu	intat wurld at forend at year: its dun soa ivver sin
3	W	it hez, an allas will do, yo may depend on't.
4	Th	Theaze wun thing puts my pipe aght more then
5	F	owt ah naw on, an that iz, theaze a lot a foaks
6	S	macks a practis a goin tut Metadis Chapil ta see
7	S	t'new year cum in, just same az if it went in thear
8	M	an noawhere else. But that izant all; for just when
9	Tu	t'clock iz goin ta strike twelve, thay ivvery wun put
10	W	ther heads daan, an *shut* ther *ees*; did ivver onny
11	Th	boddy hear tell a *seein* a new year in e sich an
12	F	a way e all ther lives? Nah, if thay wantad ta
13	S	*see* a new year *reight*, they sud stand aght a doors.
14	S	Ah remember me gronmuther wunce saying shoo
15	M	shud like ta see t'new year cum in, for shoo nivver
16	Tu	hed sin shoo wor born; so aght shoo went wun
17	W	time, and stood at ginil-end we hur speckteckle on,
18	Th	ta hev a fair glent at it; but shoo hedant been
19	F	thear aboon hauf a seckond, befoar intat hause
20	S	shoo run, singin aght, "Tom! Tom, t'new year's
21	S	cumin daan't street az hard az ivver it can cum, an
22	M	a band a musick we it." Ah wundard wotivver
23	Tu	t'owd lass ment, so aght a went ta see, an thear,
24	W	do yo naw, it wor nowt but a mule at wor e gallopin
25	Th	daaan't causa, an rawtin az hard az ivver it cud
26	F	rawt; when ah saw an heard that, intat hause ah
27	S	cut, fit ta split mesen we laffin; but t'owd lass wor
28	S	rare an mad, when ah teld hur it wor nowt but a
29	M	mule at shood heard. Shoo sed, "If it wor a mule,
30	Tu	thear wor more then wun it street when thah wor
31	W	thear."

JENEWERY.

JENEWERY 1st.	h. m.	JENEWERY 15th.	h. m.
Day breiks	1 6	Day breiks	5 50
Sun rises	8 4	Sun rises.....	7 52
Sun sets	3 56	Sun sets	4 8
Twileet ends	5 59	Twileet ends	6 10

1	M	A druckan man nivver wants a lantern.
2	Tu	
3	W	Snaw-drops begins a risin aght at graand,—ta be
4	Th	suar thay will, but yol be reddy ta say "Nowt at
5	F	soart, becos snaw, when theare iz onny, *drops*
6	S	*on tat graand.*"
7	S	*T'furst Sunday after Epiphany.*
8	M	
9	Tu	Foaks talk abaght *catchin* couds; wha, ah doant
10	W	naw wativver thay do so for, for ive nowt ta do
11	Th	but ta *sit still*, an thay *cum* tuma—hey, an affoar
12	F	ah *want am* an all.
13	S	
14	S	*Seckand Sunday afrer Epiphany.*
15	M	
16	Tu	Destroy all slugs.—Stop! ah doant mean to-leg'd-
17	W	ans; no, by gow, that ad be a job, that wod,
18	Th	cos eaze ovver menny on am; so do nowt but
19	F	wot ah tell yo.
20	S	
21	S	*Thurd Sunday after Epiphany.*
22	M	Why iz a confectioner t'best companion a low-sper-
23	Tu	ritted woman can hev? Becos he's a real *cum-*
24	W	*fitter.*
25	Th	If yo see a Jackass lookin ovver a pinfowd-wall,
26	F	it's a sure sign its been goin *Astray.*
27	S	
28	S	*Fowat Sunday after Epiphany.*
29	M	Care for ivvery boddy; cos yo caant tell woa yo
30	Tu	may be behoudan too befoar yo dee.
31	W	

It's sed at wun neet last winter a teetoataller wackand in hiz sleep, becos he thowt he felt sum lads skatein it inside ov hiz stumack. Ah suddant wunder if sum teetoataller duzant contradict this, an say it wor nowt but a *slur.*

FEBREWERY.

Cheer up! an let the numbers be az menny az thay may,
Eaze good awd times e wurkin raand, nah mark weel wot I say;
For't race ov selfish, cantin men, an dire misrule iz past,—
Then, Hurra, lads; hey, wun and all, az long az breath al last!

1	Th	Pogmoor discover'd e 1750, be Betty Branbeetle,
2	F	at abaght hauf-past 12 o'clock at neet, az shoo
3	S	wor e gooin ta Hickam-it-north ta wesh; e hon-
4	S	our a which, Bill Roscoe's great gronfather belt
5	M	a brick-kiln two storys heigh, an presented Betty
6	Tu	we a rowl a braan soap.
7	W	
8	Th	Expeckt a *daanfall*,—wha, wot ah mean iz, it al be
9	F	varry slape, an if yo doant mind, theal be a con-
10	S	junction between yor systam an't graand.
11	S	
12	M	T' mooin sumtime nah abaght al bit shap a owd
13	Tu	Peggy Bristol bonnet-neb.
14	W	Volantine Day.—Thear wor a lot a skoil-lads
15	Th	wunce, when they wor aght lakin, screeam'd an
16	F	made a great noise. T'maister, thinkin at sum
17	S	on em wor hurt, ran aght at skoil, an sed to am,
18	S	"Wot's a miss?" "Wha," sed wun at lads, az reddy
19	M	az cud be, "It's a yung woman ats niver been
		married." Ha, t'maister did laff.
20	Tu	Pancake Tuesday.—Nah, think on at yo all try ta
21	W	turn yer awn pancake—ah doant mean into yer
22	Th	maagths, that yol do withaght been teld; ah
23	F	mean it pan; but mind and doant blind yersenze
24	S	wit fat, cos it al cry "flap," yo mind, if its dun
25	S	reight. At first when I tried, it fell reight flat
26	M	onta me father head, an we him bein bald, he
27	Tu	jump't abaght aboon abit; ah wor nobbat a yungun then, but nivver mind if he diddant *turn* me aght at door, an't pan an all, we a bonny rattle.
28	W	Bairnsla Fair.—Hey, an so it iz, but it al be a good
29	Th	deal *fairer*, if sum a them Leeds loiners al stop away.

FEBREWERY.

FEBREWERY 1st.	h.	m.	FEBREWERY 15th.	h.	m.
Day breiks.....	5	30	Day breiks.....	5	9
Sun rises.....	7	27	Sun rises.....	7	2
Sun sets	4	33	Sun sets.....	4	58
Twileet ends	6	30	Twileet ends	6	51

1	Th	Delay nowt, nobbat mischief, an ivvery thing else
2	F	at's bad.
3	S	If t'graand izant frozan sa hard, go tut garden, an begin a sawin--ah doant mean't boos off at trees, ah mean peis an beans.
4	S	*Septuages. Sunday.*
5	M	
6	Tu	Crookasses, we vairid hue,
7	W	Al bloom just nah, if nature's true ;
8	Th	An Liverwort, too, may be faund,
9	F	If snaw's not thick upon the graand.
10	S	
11	S	*Sexages. Sunday.*
12	M	
13	Tu	Bread al be e season all this munth, awther we but-
14	W	ter or wethaght.
15	Th	
16	F	A empty head, an a long tongue, duz oft more
17	S	harm then soard or gun.
18	S	*Shrove Sunday,—*
19	M	"Yis, we a *hook*," azt fisherman sed tut gudgeon.
20	Tu	
21	W	Patridges begins ta pair,—hey, an ah wish my shoes
22	Th	wod ; for thear wor sumdy stale wun on am t'day
23	F	after a gat am hoam throot cobbler shop.
24	S	
25	S	*Furst Sunday e Lent.*
26	M	Wha iz a lad, when eze first sent tut skoil, treated
27	Tu	like a donkay ? Becos thay put him to *hay* (A.)
28	W	
29	Th	Clock fast.—Wha, if it worrant, it ad tumal daan.

Pare yer corns, that iz, if yov a mind ; but reckaleckt theal noabdy catch me *pairin* mine, for ive *wun* up a me little toa, an its plenty.

MARCH.

Nah, here such things, will just lay by, and goa ta nature's laws;
Then, furst ov all, this munth is March, an rare an coud it blaws.
Sleet, hail an rain, e turns will fall—depend it will be so;
An lambs, poor things, thale blate abaght, not nawin whear ta go.

1	F	Cuttin wind.—Hav offance thowt to mesen, ah cureas it iz, at when we cum intat wurld, we begin ta cut wer teeth; and when we get owd, an reddy to leave it, they begin a *cuttin* uz.
2	S	
3	S	
4	M	
5	Tu	
6	W	
7	Th	Sam Softy boil'd sum milk in a woodan bowl, 1840.
8	F	If yo want ta see t'mooin, yo mun look up it skye.
9	S	
10	S	Coud neets.—Nah, ah shuddant like it ta be menshand ta onny owd batchillors, but when yo get wed, an winter cums, allas mack t'wife go ta bed furst; then, when yo go, tell hur ta shift on, an get intat plaice where shooze been liggin, coz it al be nice an warm,—nah this iz wurth nawin.
11	M	
12	Tu	
13	W	
14	Th	
15	F	
16	S	Frenk Flintsnapper made a kest iron gun *stick*, 1840
17	S	If yo tack a umbrella aght a doors ta day, expeckt it ta goa where Jonny Gilpin's wig did—up *it* air.
18	M	
19	Tu	
20	W	Bess Brimston brack three teeth aght a thare lash comb, 1841.
21	Th	
22	F	Mild for't time,—at least, ah think soa; but eaze no nawin, for when Ned Naborly coarted his wife, shoo wor az mild az a angil; but they heddant been teed tagether ardly a fortnit, az man an wife, when shoo turned aght the varry dival.
23	S	
24	S	
25	M	
26	Tu	
27	W	
28	Th	If this munth goaze aght like a lamb, az foaks sez it duz sumtimes, it al hev ta weg it tail an cry "Ba!" Just tack noatis,will yo, coz ah happan shant hev time.
29	F	
30	S	
31	S	

MARCH.

MARCH 1st.	h. m.	MARCH 15th.	h. m.
Day breiks.....	4 33	Day breiks.....	4 13
Sun rises	6 35	Sun rises	6 7
Sun sets.....	5 25	Snn sets	5 35
Twileet ends	7 17	Twileet ends	7 47

1	F	Sant David's Day.—Nay, that's all.
2	S	
3	S	*Seckand Sunday e Lent.*
4	M	"Revenge iz *sweet*," azt grocer sed, when he knock't
5	Tu	hiz prentis lad intat trakle tub.
6	W	
7	Th	
8	F	T'mooin al happan be at full sumtime nah abaght ;
9	S	but, if it iz, it weant be az *full* az Peter Pickin-
10	S	peg's mule wor, when it ate a seck a grains at
11	M	twice.
12	Tu	When a man's daan it wurld, its all *up* we him.
13	W	
14	Th	"Am *reight handy*," az't knife sed tut fork.
15	F	
16	S	
17	S	*Midlent Sunday.*
18	M	Put in small seeds.—It reminds me, duz this, a
19	Tu	owd Joa Broadhead, a awr taan. Wun day Joa
20	W	wor e tackin t'pay for sum wattar, when he let
21	Th	pairt at brass fall ontat graand; a droll-lookin lad,
22	F	we a noaze abaght t'size ov a barley corn, calld
23	S	aght, "Nivver mind it, Joa, let it stop an grow."
		"Duz ta think soa," sed Joa, *drily*, "mun thagh
		happan duzant naw at ah caant spare t'seed."
24	S	*Fift Sunday e Lent.*—So it may bee't fift Sunday *he*
25	M	lent ; but its moar wot *I* lent, for theaze a wom-
26	Tu	man next door ta uz nivver misses a Sunday all't
27	W	year raand e cumin ta ar hause e borrain. Am
28	Th	suar av *lent*, an my wife hez too, loaves wethaght
29	F	number,—an milk, oatmeil, eggs, solt, soap, tea ;
30	S	nay, marry, ah nawnt wot beside ; but shooze
		nivver been that boddy yit, do yo naw, ivver to
		pay am back agean.
31	S	*Paum Sunday.*

APRIL.

Like milk when runnin throo a sile, will menny a shawer fall,
An small burds, peark't e bushes thick, will to each uther call:
An oft, between, will menny a burst a sunny beams strike aght,
While humabees, at izant dead, al buz an fly abaght.

1	M	Ah think ah needant tell yo at this iz April-fooil-
2	Tu	day ; cos, if yor like me, yol naw all abaght it ;
3	W	for ah wor wunce sent a this day to a stashoner's
4	Th	shop, for't seckand edishan a Cock Robbin, an a
5	F	haupath a crockadile quills ; ah thowt fasure,
6	S	at when ah axt for am, at chap it shop ad a
7	S	splittin t'caanter top we laffiin.
8	M	If yo hear a cat waw it street it neet-time, its a
9	Tu	sign shooze aght a doors.
10	W	
11	Th	
12	F	Hingin for wet.—Nah, think on at yo doant laff,
13	S	when ah tell yo this tale, cos, if yo do, ah sal be
14	S	mad. Yo see, Ben Beampowl tuck it into hiz
15	M	head ta brew, an when id dun, id made five-an-
16	Tu	twenty gallon tut stroke. Jonny Jaylegs, an
17	W	two or three more on hiz cumirades, hearin tell,
18	Th	went ta Ben's hause ta hev a bit a fun, and taste
19	F	it, that iz, after it hed bin tun'd awhile. When
20	S	Ben saw am, he wor az fearse az a creckit, an
21	S	whent an draw'd a great pitcher full derecktly,
22	M	an gav it ta Jonny, an sed, "Nah, sup, lad, an tell
23	Tu	uz hah thagh likes it." "Wha, ta tell the truth,"
24	W	sed Jonny, "ah think it wants hingin upat
25	Th	hedge, ta drein t'wattar aght on it, for its varry
26	F	wake." "Hey, will that mack it onny stronger,"
27	S	responded Ben, "cos if it will, al do soa, for ah
28	S	like ta hev a drop a deacent drink it hause, when
29	M	ah do reckan ta brew." Away went Ben,
30	Tu	full cut, intat cellar, an fetch't wun at barrils ;
		but, do yo naw, them two fooils at wor we Jerry,
		brust reig' 't a laffin, an spoil'd all't fun.